

Too Close

I Want To Be With You - I

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Too Close by thenewnationalanthem (moxielovesshipping)

Series: [I Want To Be With You \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Adults, Alternate Universe - Age Changes, Creepy, Insane Richie, M/M, Multi, Murder, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Non-Consensual Kissing, Paranoia, Photographs, Photography, Psychological Drama, Rough Kissing, Scared Eddie, Slow To Update, Sneaking, Stalking, Supportive Bill, Suspicions, Weirdness, breaking in - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-02

Updated: 2017-11-03

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:09:10

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 8

Words: 6,241

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie feels like someone is right behind him.

Richie feels like he's too far behind.

1. Beginnings and Endings

Author's Note:

- For .

Hey guys! My first time writing a full fic for this fandom so bear with me okay? I am...incapable of writing fluff :/ off we go!

It started in the summer.

Things like this, they don't come easy.

Richie always knew he was a little bit offputting, but never would he think he'd be a stalker.

See, Eddie was perfect. He was everything Richie ever wanted.

The way he played hard to get, the way he'd laugh internally at Richie's jokes, and *god*...the way he looked.

All of this led Richie to where he is now, perched quietly on a ledge across from Eddie's apartment.

Ever since the death of his wife, he'd been trying to improve himself. Being more independent, getting shit done, the whole lot.

But it seems that things weren't getting down quite quick enough, and *that's* where Richie comes in.

See, Richie stayed his distance.

Always two steps behind Eddie, as to not get caught. He knew his sudden disappearance had been a shock to the rest of the loser's, but they forgot about him over passing years.

All of them...except for Eddie.

It wracked Eddie's brain as to why Richie would leave without a trace, never to be seen or heard from again. He thought they were close friends...maybe even more than that.

But even overtime...Eddie stopped looking too.

And that's where this story begins. When Eddie stopped looking.

He'd turned a blind eye to the things that could happen while the darkness surrounded, and Richie would make sure that he used that to his advantage.

It wasn't this bad at first, he promises.

It started off with pictures here and there, near chance meetings in parks while Eddie took photos.

Then it escalated to not so near chance meetings in restaurants and stores, hiding behind isles and carts and fat people just to catch a glimpse of Eddie Kaspbrak.

It seemed like he hadn't changed a bit, but oh was Richie wrong. He was a completely different person, independent, strong.

Richie loved it.

Richie loved Eddie.

Richie wanted Eddie to be his...*forever*.

It wasn't any secret that they shared a special bond, closer than most of the other losers. But it *was* a secret that for years, since they were 13, that Richie Tozier was in love with Eddie Kaspbrak.

It wasn't the movie type love, where he finds a sweet way to ask him out, and they fall in love, and live happily ever after in their white home, with the white picket fence, and their white dog, and their flat screen television. This was a more sinister love, sick and twisted.

He wanted every inch of Eddie, every curl, every freckle, every gasp, every moan, every...scream.

He never wanted anyone else to make Eddie feel like Richie could make Eddie feel.

So that's why Richie killed his wife.

He didn't need her, anyways. Not when he had Richie.

He had to admit, it was quite fun stuffing her body in the sewage drains, where not even the most intelligent of cops would find her.

Then, today, he got a call from a strange number.

He spun the phone in his hands for awhile, wondering and waiting.

Then the phone hung up on its own, and Richie decided it wasn't worth the trouble.

But sometimes, good things come to bad people.

Because his phone rang again, and this time, he answered.

"Yes?"

"Is this Richie? Richie Tozier?"

A wide grin played on his face as he glares back over into Eddie's window, seeing his phone pressed to his ear. "Eddie?"

The sigh of relief washed over him calmly, but under his skin his blood rushed. Eddie was pacing the floor, nervous, meticulous.

Richie took a shuddering breath.

"Hey! Dude, where have you been?"

"Oh you know, just...sightseeing." He muses, snapping a photo with the camera in his free hand. "How'd you get my number?"

"You're listed in the phone book. Hey I was wondering...did you wanna go out and get something to eat? My treat."

He weighed his options carefully, turning his camera from side to side to capture more of the man he loved.

He saw his pacing quicken, and so did the rush in his veins.

Richie was all about the chase...but he loved to see his prey up close.

"Sure. What time?"

"Ah...now? I'll send you the address."

"Fun. See ya then, Eds."

"Ugh, you know I ha--" He would love to hear more, but he's already *so anxious*.

He just can't wait another moment to leave, so he hops off his ledge, camera in hand, and goes back inside.

He plugs the camera into his laptop, letting the photos download with the thousands of others he owns, and flicks out the light to his media room, locking the door with a passcode.

He heads over to his bedroom, picking out clothes as he stares at himself in the mirror.

The shell of the Richie the losers used to know, only faint around the new ego he's adopted.

Things don't get easier than this.

2. Hooked

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie can't help but wonder...what happened to Richie Tozier?

Eddie wasn't very fond of being outside at night.

For a few years now, he's felt like something is...following him.

Maybe it was just his ingrained paranoia and anxiety, but he can always swear he hears noises every time he walks outside.

Right now, as it's dead silent, he drives towards a local coffee shop to meet someone he hasn't seen in years.

It baffled Eddie as to why noone else had thought to just look him up. Then again, it was unlike Richie to disappear in the first place.

Maybe he just got busy.

Eddie intended to find out.

When he pulled up to the place, there Richie was, puffing a cigarette right outside the door. He hopped out of his car in worry and confusion, but Richie only spared him a wide smile. "Hey Eddie Spaghetti."

"Hey...Richie. Long time, no see."

He takes one last drag of his cigarette then stomps it out with an insane look. "Smoking is such a dirty habit. Ready to go inside?"

Eddie finds his behavior offputting, although it isn't exactly different than how he acted as a kid. Still, he agrees, and leads him inside to a table. "So what have you been up to?"

"I've been travelling around, looking at cool shit. You?"

"Oh, you know...the lavish life of a limo driver."

"Driven any famous people yet?"

"Tons, whenever they come to town I'm the first one they call. Best in the business." He laughs, and Richie laughs too, but harder.

"That's fucking cool man, really. Sorry for the ah...*hiatus* I took."

"Yeah, what's up with that? What happened?"

"Just...reevaluated my priorities."

"For 4 years?"

Richie just grins as his eyes graze over Eddie, and there's a glint in them that he just can't place, but as soon as it's there, it's gone. Eddie shifts uncomfortably in his seat. "You should come over to my house. Get your mind off of things."

"Things like...?"

"The death of your wife, maybe? Sorry to bring it up, I read it in the news. Did they ever find her body?"

Eddie swallows, tapping his hands on the table. "No, I don't think so."

"That's really unfortunate, Eds." He says, but it lacks sincerity as he places his head in his hands.

"Yeah they just...stopped looking."

"Well...she wasn't good for you anyways."

"I guess not..."

"Nnope." Richie says with a smile, sipping his coffee. There's something off about his friend, but Eddie just can't quite pinpoint it.

He guessed that in the back of his mind, the paranoia was lurking, telling him to go back inside.

That somewhere, his every move was being watched.

"Spaghetti head?"

"Huh?"

"You zoned out on me, there. You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. Just...tired."

"Wanna have a sleepover, for old time's sake? Just me and you? I'll make nachos!"

And how could Eddie say no to those? He was slave to Richie's nachos, so he grinned and nodded. "Sure, why not!"

"Awesome! Check please!" Richie screams, and our waitress brings it over with a less than pleased look on her face. He drops her a twenty, since they only ordered drinks, and motioned for him to slide out of the booth.

They hopped in their separate cars, and Richie led the way, but the whole time Eddie couldn't escape the feeling of dread in the pit of his stomach.

3. Ladies and Gentlemen

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie isn't too keen on telling Eddie where he's been.

Richie was ecstatic.

Not only was Eddie in his home, he was staying *overnight*.

He was practically going to be putty in his hands.

They pulled up to his home, a gorgeous two story brick house with a gorgeous view of Eddie's bedroom.

The perfect spot for Richie to reside.

He turned off his car and got out carefully, watching Eddie do the same. "This is where you live now?"

"Surprised?" He grins, and sure, he may have too many teeth, but who cares.

"A little..yeah. So this is what you were doing for 4 years."

"Part of it, sure." He says coolly, then he eyes Eddie up and down, taking in the gorgeous sight, then snapping himself out of it.

Later, Richie. Take it slow.

"Do you wanna...go inside?"

"Oh! Um, sure. Sorry, just, taking it all in."

Richie shuddered at those words, but willed his thoughts down and smiled. "Take your time. I'm gonna go ahead and unlock the door, and you can come in whenever you want."

"No thanks. I'm ready when you're ready." Eddie replies, and it's a bit rushed, which Richie assumes is probably his fault.

He should really be more quiet when he follows him around.

Sighing to himself, he unlocks the door, letting Eddie go inside first, if only to be a gentleman. "Ladies first."

"I'm *not* a lady."

"You could be, you're pretty enough." Richie mumbles, and if Eddie catches it, he doesn't acknowledge it with more than a blush.

He takes a moment to glance around, picking up random things while Richie removes his jacket. "You still have photos of us."

"Of course I do. Contrary to popular belief, I don't hate you guys."

"We never thought...well yeah, we did. But that's because you're a fucking jerk who disappears for 4 years."

"That I am. But at least I'm a jerk with good hospitality. Speaking of which, do you drink?"

"Ah, no thanks. I'll take water, though."

"So you *do* drink, just not wine." Richie grins, and Eddie just huffs in response.

He kinda missed their back and forth.

He hopes they can do it everyday, even after his plan goes through.

He grabs a bottle of water from the fridge and his entire bottle of wine, heading back to his living room to see Eddie flipping through a journal on his desk. "Find something interesting?"

"You still keep a journal?"

"Actually, it's a diary. Don't be sexist, Eddie."

"Oh my god," Eddie rubs his face, trying not to even chuckle.

He knows it'll provoke Richie to make more shitty jokes.

He's right.

"Anyways, of course I do. Did you guys just think I took a 4 year nap or something?" He chuckles, and Eddie turns around with a serious look.

"We thought you were dead."

Something about his sincerity pulls strings in Richie's chest, but he shakes it off and clears his throat, regaining his false confidence. "Well, as you can see, I'm not."

"Are you gonna tell everyone else?"

Richie twitches at the thought of that. Sure, he'd love to see them again, he'd had nothing against them, but he figured they wouldn't care either way, and that's what bugged him. "Maybe later. For now, I'm gonna go get pajamas and we're gonna watch some videos."

"Sure, I'll...wait right here."

"Of course. Make yourself at home, Eds."

"I told you to stop calling me that."

"Yeah, I know." He smiles, ignoring Eddie's protests on his way up the stairs.

He felt like a teenage boy all over again.

Left alone in his home with his crush...it was like heaven.

Even though Richie knew he'd probably never make it there.

4. Sleeping With A Friend

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie gets a bit suspicious with Richie's behavior.

Even in his older years, Eddie could tell when something was bothering Richie.

He got more focused, more serious, and he always had a faraway look.

Right now, they were watching some movie that Richie had picked out, a shitty horror one, and eating some nachos.

A simple, typical sleepover thing to do.

Except, it wasn't typical.

Whereas Eddie was watching the movie, trying his best to comprehend why someone would be attracted to something as filthy as a werewolf, Richie was watching...Eddie.

Not closely, as in examination, but he was stealing quick glances that he figured Eddie didn't see.

And that was weird, because it made Eddie feel self conscious.

Was there something on his face?

"Is there something on my face?" He blurts out by accident, and Richie gives him a weird look.

"Huh?"

"You, um, keep looking over at me. I was wondering if there was something on my face."

"Of course not. You look perfect."

And that sounded really nonchalant.

Huh.

"Oh, thanks? Um, I'm gonna go to the bathroom right quick. Could you tell me where it is?"

"Up the stairs to your right." Richie smiles, and Eddie feels uncomfortable under his gaze, so he quickly stands up and goes upstairs.

Okay Eddie, get your shit together, this is your friend who's been missing for 4 years. This is just Richie Tozier. The same kid from childhood, all grown up. There's *nothing* off about him.

He finally gets to the bathroom door, and immediately goes to the sink, throwing water on his face in a small panic. Where's his inhaler when he needs it?

He looks at himself in the mirror and notices how flushed he is. Was he really that terrified?

He takes a few calming breaths, washing his hands off and drying them to buy time.

He was going to be fine, he was in good hands.

Richie Tozier was his best friend, and nothing completely changed him during his disappearance.

He was the same, if not taller, and everything was fine.

He opened the door and returned downstairs to see Richie still sitting in the same spot, turning around the glance at Eddie. "Did you have a nice potty break, Eds?"

"Why do you insist on calling me that?"

Richie shrugs, grinning. "Just a shortened form. Wanna switch movies?"

"Actually, Im kinda tired...do you have a guest room or...?"

"What, you afraid to share a room with me Eddie?"

"Oh, no I just didn't know--"

"It's cool. If you want, I can sleep down here."

"No! I'm not gonna kick you out of your bed. It's fine."

"You sure?"

Is he sure?

He looks around, takes another breath, and nods. "Yeah, I'm sure."

"Cool. I'll go get the room ready." Richie grins, picking up their dishes and heading towards the kitchen with one last, long glance at Eddie.

Nope. Nothing wrong with Richie.

But he'd better text Bill just in case.

5. He Calls In The Nighttime

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie is a freaking creep.

A knock on the door excites him, because he knows who it is.

His bed is nice and warm, nice and inviting, and his TV is perfectly aligned with it. He turns around, grin wide, and bows. "Welcome to my throne."

"Wouldn't that be your toilet?"

Richie shrugs, pulling back the covers gently, as if he would startle Eddie if he went any faster. "On occasion."

"This place is so...nice."

"It gets me by. Shall we?"

Eddie looks a bit confused, so Richie motions towards the bed and laughs.

What a cute, cute creature.

All his for the taking.

"Oh! Yeah, sorry. I'm just...okay, yeah."

"It's okay to be nervous Eddie, I did disappear for 4 years after all. I mean, I might be a murderer or something, right?"

Eddie chuckles nervously and it makes Richie's eye twitch, but he says nothing and gets in bed, hoping Eddie will follow suit.

Eddie slides in next to him, porcelain skin against blood red sheets, it's almost like a sin.

For a brief moment, Richie thinks of how Eddie's body would look, bleeding. A great contrast to his looks now, but still *gorgeous*. He shivers again, and it alerts Eddie.

"Are you okay?"

"Of course, Eds. Just thinking about something. So, wanna watch anything on television?"

"I think I'll just go to sleep, Richie, I have to work in the morning."

Richie tries to fake sympathy, and he hopes he does a good job. "That sucks, spaghetti head. Sleep it is." He turns off the lights by the nodule on the wall, then listens as the bed bounces while Eddie gets comfortable.

He relishes in the sound of his calm breathing, moving his body closer to Eddie's until he can finally feel his body heat.

"You're warm."

"I'm always warm, Richie."

"You're always *hot*, not warm. Take some of the covers off." Richie says, and he tries to remove them but they're snatched from his hands in a haste.

"No! Thank you...it's fine."

And the poor little thing, he must be scared. So Richie, being the hero, wraps an arm around Eddie's waist, pulling them flush against each other, even as Eddie protests.

"What are you doing???"

"Sssh, you're obviously terrified of something. You've been anxious all day. It'll be fine, same old Richie, right? *Always here when you need me.*"

That last line seems to settle him down as he grunts, relenting into Richie's hands like putty. Richie's eyes roll back slightly in delight as he breathes in the scent of pure Eddie, his lips parted to allow air.

Soon after, Eddie's snoring is all that can be heard, so Richie props himself up on one shoulder, eyes dark in the shadows of the night.

He leans over Eddie, and what a beautiful sight it is, and simply watches.

He won't be going to sleep any time soon.

"Don't worry Eddie...I won't ever leave you again." He whispers, then he places a kiss to his cheek, and he can't stop there. He places a kiss to his neck, and it isn't enough, but he has to control himself.

Now is not the proper time.

Now is not the proper place.

Soon.

Soon.

He sees Eddie's phone light up, and is shocked by the name. Alas, he smiles, ignoring the call in Eddie's honor.

Bill would be okay.

And if he was a *problem*...Richie had no *problem* eliminating him.

6. Obsession At Its Finest

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie wakes up with an unexplainable headache, and Richie has just the cure.

Eddie wakes up with a start, rubbing his eyes and going to open them when a throbbing pain shot through his head, causing him to collapse onto the pillow. "Holy shi--"

"Are you okay?" Richie says calmly, frightening Eddie, because...why is he awake so early? He shrugs it off, groaning as the pain gets more apparent.

"My fucking head...wha--?"

"Do you have a headache, spaghetti? May have been the seasoning on that food last night, really sorry." He sighs, and Eddie wants to protest the movement of his body as he's pulled into Richie's lap, but he's too tired to do so. Instead, he lets himself be cradled, and he feels like a child all over again.

"Just...do you have--have some pain meds?"

There's a slight pause, and Richie's voice cracks a bit, and Eddie gets nervous. "I, yeah, of course I do. I can go get you some now. You should rest today, though."

"I have to work, Rich. Just go get the pills. And keep them in the bottle...don't touch them."

Richie scoffs at him, laying him back down on the pillow gently. "You're in pain, and your number one priority is me touching your medication. Some things never change."

Eddie waves him off, burying his face into the pillow, not wanting the light to make things even worse. Too long in Eddie's eyes, Richie returns to the room with a glass of water and a bottle of pills with no label. "Where's the label so I know how many to take?"

"Uh, I don't go through much pain so, it probably fell off in the middle of me moving. I promise they're pain pills though, unlike you I don't own more than one medication."

Eddie examines it, seeing that it's a white bottle, enclosed, so he sums it up to Ibuprofen. He nods, taking the water and the bottle, gulping down two pills he approximated, and handing them both back, collapsing onto the bed again. "Urgh."

"I really think you should stay in today, Eddie."

"I---hmm, I guess I should. Could you get my keys?"

"Keys? For what?"

"So I can go home...it isn't far from h-eere." He painfully groans, pressing his hands to the sides of his head.

"Nonsense, Eds, you can't drive. You have to stay here." Richie says, matter-of-factly, but something about his voice was happy, ecstatic, but Eddie couldn't pinpoint an exact emotion.

"I donwanna impose..."

"Impose? On me? Oh Eds, I work from home. I'll be right in my office if you need anything..." And he leans in close to Eddie's ear, and Eddie can feel his breath grazing the shell, unsteady and quick, "Anything at all."

"If you insist..." He says, muffled, and Richie just laughs, petting his hair as he feels a weight on the bed lift, meaning Richie stood up.

"I do. Oh by the way, Bill called last night. You were sleeping so, I took the liberty of hanging up."

"Wha? Why? I could've answered..."

"Given the state you're in now, I doubt it. Besides, Bill sees you all the time, right? It's my turn to have you now." Richie laughs, walking out of the door and slamming it, and Eddie pushes through his pain to reach for his phone, and he's almost there as his eyes get sleepier...

And sleepier...

And sleepier...

Until halfway through, his soft snoring is all that can be heard, besides the soft vibration of his phone ringing a second time.

7. Sick and Tired Of It

Summary for the Chapter:

This situation could make him or break him.

"Oh, Bill. Bill, Bill, Bill, always trying to intrude." Richie tsks, sitting in the chair next to a passed out Eddie, twirling his phone in his hands. "Y'know Eds, I tried. I really did, to be nice. But, you just can't seem to ignore your instincts." Eddie snores softly, and Richie's heart races with excitement. "But you're oh so gorgeous...so I guess I can let it slide."

Richie stands up, taking the phone with him outside to smoke, careful to lock his bedroom door from the outside so his prize can't escape. He dials the unfamiliar number, taking a puff and smiling as he relaxes in the sun.

"Eddie? Where have you b--"

"Hi, Bill. Looking for Eddie?"

"Richie? Is that you? Anyways, yes, I'm looking for Eddie, could you put him on?"

"He's asleep. He's been...under the weather, lately. Can I take a message?"

"Why do you have his phone anyways? Is he with you?"

"He told me to call you and tell you that everything is perfectly fine...I'm taking great care of him." He exhales, smoke surrounding him like pure oxygen.

"Hm. Tell him to call me when he's awake, okay? How, um, how are--"

"Listen, Bill, I'd love to chat but, I really need to be getting back inside," He smirks, putting out his cigarette on the bricks of his home. "It was nice talking to you, though."

"Right...just make sure Eddie calls me when he wakes up."

Without scoffing, Richie smiles, sighing. "Of course. Later, Bill."

"Bye...Richie."

He ends the call, walking back inside, but stopping when he hears movement. "Ah, someone's awake. Coming!" He creeps up the stairs, the ground creaking as he stalks the halls, unlocking the door and grinning at the positively perfect sight before him. "Look who's awake! You've been sleep for hours now." He recalls, placing the phone in his back pocket.

"I-I gotta go.."

"Go where, Eds? You said you weren't going to work today."

"Home, I need to go-ugh..."

"Nonsense. You can stay as long as you like."

Eddie wobbles over to Richie, trying to push him out of the way, but failing as Richie laughs, pushing him back down onto the bed and walking over to him. "What are you doing?"

"I'm having you lay back down, silly. What do you think I'm doing?"

"Let me go home."

"Oh, Eds, I'm really sorry, I can't do that." He chuckles, circling the bed like a predator. "If I let you leave, you won't come back, and I can't have that, can I?"

"What do you want?"

He shrugs, sitting on the edge of the bed and stroking Eddie's hair as he tries to find his balance. "I just want to spend time with you, Eddie. Why is that such a bad thing?"

"Did you drug me?"

He outright laughs, mad but calm, twirling his finger in the locks. "Maybe, nothing lethal, though. Just a little something to make you drowsy. Why, did you like it?"

"What the hell is wrong with you!" Eddie screams, gaining some strength and pushing Richie's hands away, fighting when Richie grabs him tightly, inhaling.

"Keep fighting...it fits you."

"Get off!"

"Stop fighting, Eddie, it'll make this easier!" Growls Richie as Eddie elbows his stomach to break free, grabbing his keys and rushing down the stairs in terror. "Come back, Eddie! I won't hurt you!"

He's shaking, but his feet still carry him through the front door, off to his car, and he's barely unlocking it when Richie stumbles outside with an insane grin. "Stay away from me!"

"Come on, Eddie! Let's talk, please? Look, my hands are empty!"

Eddie doesn't respond, he just jumps in his car, ignoring the figure rapidly approaching as he drowsily pulls out of the driveway and drives off, leaving who was once his friend behind.

Richie sighs, head down, but he lifts it slowly, chuckling. "You can't escape me Eddie...I'll find you eventually."

8. Disappearing Act

Summary for the Chapter:

The big finale.

*Temporary Dub Con Warning

*Stalker Warning?

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you guys enjoyed this! It's the last fic besides Sellouts and Heathens that I'll ever post :)

"Bill. Bill!" Eddie tries to yell, slamming his hands on the front door as hard as he can with the drugs still coursing through his system.

Bill's car was in the driveway, so he assumed he was home, and his assumptions were correct.

His eyes were wild and blown as the door opens, and he throws himself through it and onto the floor, crying and hyperventilating. "Eddie! What the fuck is going on?"

No matter how much he catches up with Bill, the absence of his stutter throws him off a bit every time. Still, he collects himself from the floor, calming his breathing enough to speak. "R-Richie...there's something wrong with R-Richie..."

"Something wrong? Eddie, get up, you look terrible. Aw, you're shaking, let me go get you a--"

"No! No, please...please don't leave me alone..." Eddie whines, and the fear in his eyes shows Bill he means business.

"Oh, okay. Well, come on, let's get on the couch so you can tell me what's going on."

Eddie nods shakily, looping his arm with Bill and following him to comfort. He rests his head on Bill's shoulder and tries not to close his eyes. "I'm scared, Bill."

"What happened? What did Richie do?"

"We m-met up for dinner last night, and, I thought it w-was okay. I really did...but, he invited me to his house f-for a sleepover, a-and I c-came over a-and-" His breathing gets laboured again, so Bill soothes his back in circles to calm him down.

"You're safe now, Eddie. I'm here, and I'm gonna protect you. I thought something was off when he called me from your phone earlier."

"What??"

"Yeah, he called me, and was saying that you were sick and he was just calling me back for you. So, I told him to make sure you call me back when you wake up, but, this is better I guess." He lets out a heavy laugh, and Eddie sighs in his arms. "Did he hurt you in any way?"

"He drugged me...I think? My head is...foggy."

"He did what? We've gotta call the police!"

"I have no proof, Bill..."

"They can drug test you! They can find out, and if you're positive, then you can give you Richie's address, and---"

"I don't know Richie's address."

"Weren't you conscious when you got there?"

"Yeah, but I didn't pay attention to the address, because I didn't know he was gonna drug me, Bill!"

"Okay, Eddie. It's okay. I'm sorry." Bill whispers, soothing him again as he tries to think of what to do. "Do you think he knows where you live?"

"P-probably. C-can I stay with you for awhile? Would Audra mind?"

"She's out of country visiting her parents. I'm sure she won't."

"Thanks Bill...thank you." Eddie hugs him tighter, and Bill only sighs in his messy hair.

"Of course, Eddie. You're safe with me."

"Fucking little brat." Richie complains, speeding down the street while he angrily taps his steering wheel. "He always did like Bill the best."

It didn't take Richie very long to find Bill's address, but it was such a well hidden home that he was having trouble finding the actual home.

"Goddammit, I hate cul-de-sacs." He mumbles, then his eyes finally spot a familiar sight.

Eddie's car.

"Bingo. I foound you spaghetti!" cackles Richie, pulling his car around on a nearby street to park, grabbing some of his...tools, and locking it accordingly. "I'll teach him to run away from me."

Once Eddie was fast asleep, Bill got up and walked around a bit, trying to find something to do since he was now wide awake, and he saw that they were dangerously low on a few things.

Audra would not be happy with him if he didn't replace them, and Eddie would be fine, right?

He made sure he left a note, and placed Eddie's cell phone right next to him while he slept.

What an adorable sight.

With a quick check to make sure all the doors and windows were locked and sealed, he left out the front door, locking it tightly out of panic.

It would only take him a minute to run to the store, they weren't missing much.

That's what he told himself as he pulled out of the driveway en route to the supermarket.

Eddie ignored the first noise he heard, and brushed it off as Bill walking around the house and making himself busy.

The second noise was a bit closer, and it made him more awake than he was before.

The third noise seemed accidental, so he shot up in the bed, staring into the dark hallway with terror.

The fourth one, though, made Eddie fear for his own life.

"Eddie....where are you honey?"

The silence around him was deafening, his hands were sweaty and tight around the seats.

By this time, the drugs had worked their way out of his body, so he was more aware of his surroundings.

"I know you're here...I know Bill is gone...come back to me, Eddie."

Eddie made sure the bed didn't creak when he stood up, softly letting his feet hit the floor as he pulled out a drawer, searching for any type of defense.

He found a nail file in Audra's side, so he used it to his advantage, rushing against the wall of the room closest to the door. His breathing was slow and silent, and he could hear Richie creaking through the house.

How had he found out where Bill lived?

Had he been stalking them all the whole time?

"Eddie! I'm getting impatient. *Very* impatient. I'm sorry for drugging you, I panicked. I thought you wouldn't wanna see me again." Richie sighs, and the stairs scream with his weight. "I can't have that. Just come with me, Bill will be back soon. I don't want to have to hurt him."

"You wouldn't!" Eddie accidentally screams, and he could kick himself for his jerk reaction.

He wouldn't kill Bill, right?

The truth was, Eddie had no idea.

Richie wasn't the same.

Not by a mile.

"Ah, there you are. Eds, come on. We can work this out! Don't make me have to take you by force."

Eddie huffs out a breath.

Think, Eddie, think.

His mind rushes through all the scenarios where he could die.

Richie was probably armed.

He wouldn't kill Eddie, would he?

Eddie had no idea.

But he had to take a chance, so he swung into the hallway, flickering on the light, and hiding the nail file behind his back.

Richie's dark eyes light up when he sees Eddie, but he still carefully makes his way to him.

It's a game to him.

He's getting off to the chase, and the thought makes Eddie's stomach twist.

"Now, Eddie, why did you run away from me?"

"I--I was scared you were gonna hurt me." He says stoic, twirling the nail file behind his back.

"I would never hurt you, spaghetti, you're...everything to me."

"R-really?" He forces a smile, and hopes vomit doesn't come out.

"Of course not, Eds. But, for me not to hurt you, you've got to be honest with me."

Eddie squints his eyes, because he has no idea what he means.
"What?"

Richie chuckles, and it's psychotic. "You know, for a hostage, you're pretty fucking stupid."

"What are you--"

"The weapon you have, Eds. Give it here." Richie says, and he holds out his hand, finally face to face with his prize.

Eddie has a choice.

He knows what side to take.

"Ow! You little--" Richie gasps, pulling out the nail file Eddie just plunged into his hand.

Work through it, Richie.

You need to show him who's in charge.

He laughs as Eddie turns and runs the opposite way, but he takes off after him.

To his surprise, he doesn't have to try very hard.

It's a dead end.

Normally, Richie would be upset that Eddie looked terrified, but right now, his hormones were racing with the situation.

There was Eddie, trapped between a wall and a...hard place, and nowhere to go.

Richie's blood was coursing as he brandishes his knife. "What's your next move, baby?"

"Richie, please--"

"Ah, ah. Remember, you stabbed me. Now, I could repay you, and stab you too. But, I'd rather get something else out of this."

"Wh-what do you want!"

Richie grins at that, because he's in control.

He has so much control, and he's lightheaded as it coursing through him.

He raises his healthy hand, brushes Eddie's hair away from his face, and presses their foreheads together. "What I've always wanted, Eds. You."

Then he kisses him, and he ignores as Eddie's body stills.

He'll get used to it eventually.

He will love Richie...eventually.

No matter how long it takes.

He slides his tongue between them, and places his wounded hand across Eddie's lower back softly.

He loves it.

The resistance.

The pull.

The fight.

Sometimes, he wonders if he loves Eddie at all.

Eddie pushes him away, and Richie tilts his head sideways at the tears rushing down his face as the front doorknob twists. "Why are you crying?"

Eddie shakes his head, and he looks like he's about to vomit. "Please..." He says in a broken voice.

The front door opens, and Richie frowns up, because he can't understand Eddie's emotions right now.

He's void of empathy and sympathy.

He's void of anything.

"Eddie, I love you!" He screams, because he doesn't think that Eddie understands.

Eddie just shakes his head no. "No, you don't..."

"What?"

"Richie get the hell out of my house!" Bill screams, and Richie stills.

Eddie...wasn't happy.

He didn't love Richie back.

Why?

Richie had no idea.

"Eddie, come with me."

"No." He whispers, and he tunes out Bill calling the police. He doesn't care about getting caught.

He only cares about getting Eddie.

"Eddie get your ass over here!"

"RICHIE GET OUT!" And he's shaking, and crying, and Richie has no idea what he's done wrong.

He makes a move to kiss Eddie again, and the fear in Eddie's eyes doesn't stop him.

He forces their lips together, even as Eddie pushes him off, and Bill tries to pull him.

Bill is the cause of this.

Bill is why Eddie doesn't love Richie.

He spins around in a moment of haze, and he slices Bill's stomach, causing him to fall to the ground. He shakes his head, turning back towards Eddie with an angered look. "Do you see what you've made me do?"

"Please..." Eddie begs, but it isn't enough.

Richie is angry now.

"Why don't you love me, Eddie?"

"You're crazy...Richie you're--"

"I killed her for you! For Us! So we could be together..."

"You...oh god..." Eddie covers his mouth and turns away, heaving in the corner as the sirens blare outside.

Richie has to go, but he will be back.

He takes one last look at Eddie, and reaches out to touch him but he flinches away. "I love you."

Eddie doesn't respond, so Richie makes his escape.

Hopefully next time.

He was so close.

Richie was too close.

So close.

Eddie is still sitting on the ground as the cops enter, shaking, in shock.

Bill is unconscious on the ground, but he hears them say he's not dead.

Most importantly, he hears them say the perimeter is clear.

Richie is gone.

He escaped.

He will be back.

Eddie knows it.

He was way too close to give up.